

HÆC-VIR;
OR

The Womanish-Man:

Being an Answer to a late Booke intituled
Hic-Mulier.

Expressed in a briefe Dialogue betwene *Hæc-*
Vir the Womanish-Man, and *Hic-Mulier* the
Man-Woman.



London printed for J.T. and are to be sold at Christ Church gate. 1620.



H Æ C - U I R:

O R,

The Womanish-Man.

The Speakers.

Hæc-Vir ; The Womanish-Man.

Hic-Mulier ; The Man-Woman.

Hæc-Vir.



Most redoubted and worthy Sir (for lesse then a Knight I cannot take you) you are most happily giuen vnto mine imbrace.

Hic-Mul: Is she mad? or doth shee mocke mee? Most rare and excellent Lady, I am the seruant of your vertues, and desire to be employed in your seruice.

Hæc-Vir. Pitie of patience, what doth hee behold in me, to take me for a woman? Valiant and magnanimous Sir, I shal desire to build the Tower of my Fortune vpon no stronger foundation then the benefit of your grace and fauour.

Hic-Mul: O! proud euer to be your Seruant.

Hæc-Vir. No, the Seruant of your Seruant.

Hæc-Vir, or

Hic-Mul: The Tythe of your friendship (good Lady) is above my merit.

Hæc-Vir. You make mee rich beyond expressi-
on. But faire *Knight*, the truth is I am a Man, and
desire but the obligation of your friendship.

Hic-Mul: It is ready to be sealed and delivered
to your vse. Yet I would haue you vnderstand I am
a Woman.

Hæc-Vir. Are you a VWoman?

Hic-Mul: Are you a Man? O *Iuno Lucina* help me.

Hæc-Vir. Yes I am.

Hic-Mul: Your name; most tender piece of
Masculine.

Hæc-Vir. Hæc-Vir. No stranger either in Court,
Citie, or Countrey. But what is yours, most coura-
gious counterfet of *Hercules* and his Distaffe?

Hic-Mul: Neere a kinne to your goodnes; and
compounded of fully as false Latine. The world
calls me, *Hic-Mulier*.

Hæc-Vir. What, *Hic-Mulier*, the Man-Woman?
She that like a Larum-Bell at midnight hath raised
the whole Kingdome in Armes against her? Good,
stand, and let me take a full survey, both of thee, and
all thy dependants.

Hic-Mul: Doe freely: and when thou hast daw-
bed me ouer, with the worst colours thy malice can
grinde, then giue mee leaue to answere for my
selfe, and I will say thou art an accuser iust and in-
different. Which done, I must intreat you to sit as
many minutes, that I may likewise take your pic-
ture.

The Womanish-Man.

nire, & then referre to censure, whether of our deformities is most iniurious to Nature, or most effeminate to good men, in the notoriousnes of the example.

Hac-Vir. With like condition of freedome to answer. The Articles are agreed on: Therefore stand forth, halfe *Birchen-Lane*, halfe *St. Thomas Apostles*: The first lenc thee a doublet, the later a nether-skirt: Halfe *Bridewell*, halfe *Blacke-Frers*; the one for a scurvy Blocke, the other for a most prophane Feather; halfe Mull'd-Sacke the Chimney-sweeper, halfe *Garrat* the Foole at a Tiling; the one for a Yellow Ruffe, the other for a Skarfe able to put a Souldiour out of countenance; halfe *Bedlam*, halfe *Brimingham*, the one for a base sale Boote, the other for a beastly Leaden gilt Spurre: and to conclude, all Hell, all Damnation. For a shorne, powdered, borrowed Hayre, a naked, lascivious, bawdy Bosome, a *Leaden-Hall* Dagger, a High-way Pistoll, and a mind and behaviour futable or exceeding every repeated detormitic. To be briefe, I can but in those few lines deliniare your proportion, for the paraphrase or compartment, to set out your ugliness to the greatest extent of wonder. I can but referre you to your God-child that carries your own name, I meane the Booke of *His-Mulier*, there you shall see your character, and seeke your shame, with that palpable plaineness, that no *Egyptian* darknes can bee more grosse and terrible.

His-Mul: My most tender piece of mans flesh, leave this lightening and thunder, and come round-
by

Hæc-Vir, or

ly to the matter, draw mine accusation into heads, and then let me answer.

Hæc-Vir. Then thus. In that Booke you are arraigned, and found guilty. First of *Basenesse*, in making your selfe a slave to novelty, and the poore invention of every weake Braine that hath but an embroidered our-side, Next, of *Vnnaturalnesse*, to forsake the Creation of God, and Customes of the Kingdome, to be pieced and patched vp by a French Tailor, an Italian Baby-maker, and a Dutch Souldiour (beat from the Armes for the ill example of Russianly behaulour) then of *Shamelesse*, in casting off all modest softnesse, and civilitie, to runne thorow every desert and wilderness of mens opinions, like careless vntamed Heyfers, or wilde Sauages. Lastly, of *falsenesse*, in having no moderation or temper, either in passions or affections: But turning all into perturbations and sicknesses of the soule, laugh away the preciousnes of your Time, and at last dye with the flattering sweet malice of an incurable consumption. Thus *Basenesse*, *Vnnaturalnesse*, *Shamelesse*, *Falsenesse*, are the maine Hatch-ments, or Coat-Armours, which you haue tane as rich spoiles to adorne you in the deformitie of your apparell: which if you can excuse, I can pitie, and thanke *Proserpine* for thy wit; though no good man can allow of the Reasons.

Not Base.

Hic-Mul: Well, then to the purpose: First, you say, I am *Base*, in being a Slave to Novelty. What slavery can there be in freedome of election? or what basenesse, to crowne my delights with those pleasures
which

The Womanish-Man.

which are most futable to mine affections? **Bondage** or **Slavery**, is a restraint from those actions, which the minde (of it owne accord) doth most willingly desire: to performe the intents and purposes of another's disposition, and that not but by mansuetude or sweetnesse of intreatie; but by the force of authoritie and strength of compulsion. Now for mee to follow change, according to the limitation of mine owne will and pleasure, there cannot bee a greater freedome. Nor do I in my delight of change otherwise then as the whole world doth, or as becommeth a daughter of the world to doe. For what is the world, but a very shop or ware-house of change? Sometimes Winter, sometimes Summer; day and night: they hold sometimes Riches, sometimes Poverty, sometimes Health, sometimes Sicknesse; now Pleasure; presently Anguish; now Honour; then contempt: and to conclude, there is nothing but change, which doth surround and mixe withall our Fortunes. And will you have poore woman such a fixed Starre, that shee shall not so much as moue or twinkle in her owne Spheare? That were true **Slavery** indeed, and a Basenesse beyond the chaines of the worst seruitude. Nature to euery thing she hath created, hath giuen a singular delight in change, as to Hearbs, Plants and Trees a time to wither and shed their leaues, a time to budde and bring forth their leaues, and a time for their Fruits and Flowers: To wormes and creeping things a time to hide themselves in the pores and hollowes of the earth, and a time to come abroad and sucke the dew; To Beasts

What Bondage is.
A defence of change.

Hac-Vir, or

libertie to chuse their fooode, liberty to delight in their food, and liberty to feed and grow fat with their food. The Birds have the ayre to fly in, the waters to bathe in, and the earth to feed on. But to man, both these and all things else, to alter, frame and fashion, according as his will and delight shall rule him. Againe, who will rob the eye of the variety of obiects, the eare of the delight of sounds, the nose of sinels, the tong of tastes, & the hand of feeling? & shall only woman, excellent woman; so much better in that she is something purer, be onely deprived of this benefit? Shall she bee the Bondslave of Time, the Handmaid of opinion, or the strict obseruer of every frosty or cold benumbed imagination? It were a cruelty beyond the Racke or Strapado.

What noueltie is.

But you will say it is not *Change*, but *Noueltie*, from which you deterre vs: a thing that doth evert the good, and erect the euill; preferre the faithlesse, and confound desert; that with the change of Opinions breeds the change of States, and with continuall alterations thrusts headlong forward both Ruine and Subuersion. Alas (soft Sir) what can you chrysten by that new imagined Title, when the words of a wise-man are; *that what was done, is but done againe: all things do change, & vnder the cope of Heauen there is no new thing.* So that whatsoeuer wee doe or imitate, it is neither slauish, Base, nor a breeder of Noueltie.

Not vnnatural.

Next, you condemne me of *Vnnaturalnesse*, in forsaking my creation, and contemning custome. How doe I forsake my creation, that doe all the rights and offices due to my Creation? I was created free, born free,

The Womanish-Man.

free, and liue free: what lets me then so to spinne out my time, that I may dye free?

To alter creation, were to walke on my hands with my beeles vpward, to feed my self with my feet, or to forsake the sweet sound of sweet words, for the hissing noise of the Serpent: but I walk with a face erected, with a body cloathed, with a mind busied, & with a heart full of reasonable and deuout cogitations; onely offensive in attire, in as much as it is a Stranger to the curiositie of the present times, and an enemy to Custome. Are we then bound to be the Flatterers of Time, or the dependants on Custome? O miserable seruitude chained onely to Basenesse and Folly! for then custome, nothing is more absurd, nothing more foolish.

It was a custome amongst the Romanes, that as we wash our hands before meales, so they with curious and sweet oynments anointed all their armes and legges quite ouer, and by successe of time grew from these vnguent to bathes of rich perfumed and compound waters, in which they bathed their whole bodies: holding it the greatest disgrace that might be, to vse or touch any naturall water, as appears by these Verses.

Foolish Cu-
stomes.

*She shines with oynments to make hayre to fall,
Or with sowre Chalke she ouer-comes all.*

Mart. L1.

It was a custome amongst the Ancients to lye vpon stately and soft beds, when cyther they deliuered Embassages, or entered into any serious discourse or argument, as appears by these Verses:

Hæc-Vir, or

Virg. Aen. 1. 2. *Father Æneas thus, gan say,
From flatchy Couch whereon he lay.*

Cato Junior held it for a custome, neuer to eat meat but sitting on the ground: the *Venetians* kisse one another euer at the first meeting: and euen at this day it is a generall receiued custome amongst our English, that when we meet or ouertake any man in our trauell or iourneying, to examine him whicher hee rides, how farre, to what purpose, and where he lodged? nay, and with that vnmanly boldnesse of inquisition, that it is a certaine ground of a most insufficient quarrell, not to receiue a full satisfaction of those demands which goe farre astray from good manners, or comely ciuilitie; and will you haue vs to marry our selues to these Mymicke and most fantasticke customes? It is a fashion or custome with vs to mourne in Blacke: yet the *Argian* and *Romane* Ladies euer mourned in White; and (if we will tye the action vpon the signification of colours) I see not but we may mourne in *Greene*, *Blue*, *Red* or any simple colour vsed in *Heraldry*. For vs to salute strangers with a kisse, is counted but ciuilitie, but with *torraine* Nations immodestie: for you to cut the hayre of your vpper lips, familiar heere in England, euery where else almost thought vnmanly. To ride on Side-Saddles at first was counted heere abominable pride, &c. I might instance in a thousand things that onely Custome and not Reason hath approued. To conclude *Custome* is an Idiot, and whosoeuer dependeth

The Womanish-Man.

pendeth wholly vpon him, without the discounte of Reason, will take from him his pyde coat, and become a slaue indeed to contempt and censure.

But you say wee are barbarous and shameles and cast off all softnes, to runne wilde through a wilderness of opinions. In this you expresse more cruelty then in all the rest, because I stand not with my hands on my belly like a baby at *Bartholomew Fayre*, that moue not my whole body when I should ~~but~~ onely stirre my head like Lacke of the Clocke house which hath no ioynts, that am not dumbe when wantons court mee, as if Ass-like I were ready for all burthens, or because I weep not when iniury gripes me, like a woorried Deere in the fangs of many Curses: am I therefore barbarous or shamelesse? He is much iniurious that so baptiz'd vs: we are as free-borne as Men, haue as free election, and as free spirits, we are compounded of like parts, and may with like liberty make benefit of our Creations: my countenance shall smile on the worthy, and frowne on the ignoble, I will heare the Wise, and bee deafe to Idcoats, giue counsell to my friend, but bee dumbe to flatterers, I haue hands that shall bee liberall to reward desert, feete that shall moue swiftly to do good offices, and thoughts that shall euer accompany freedome and severity. If this bee barbarous, let me leaue the Citie, and liue with creatures of like simplicity.

To conclude, you say wee are all guilty of most infinite folly and indiscretion. I confesse, that *Discretion* is the true salt which seasoneth euery excellency, eyther in Man or Woman, and without it nothing is

Not shameles.

Not foolish.

Hæc-Vir, or

well, nothing is wortny : that want disgraceth our actions, staineth our Vertues, and indeed makes vs most prophane and irreligious, yet it is euër found in excesse, as in too much, or too little: and of which of these are wee guilty; do we weare too many cloathes or too few? if too many, wee should oppresse Nature, if too few, we should bring sicknesse to Nature: but neither of these wee do, for what we do weare is warme, ~~wh~~istfy and wholesome, then no excesse, and so no indiscretion: where is then the error? onely in the Fashion, onely in the Custome. Oh for mercy sake bind vs not to so hatefull a companion, but remember what one of our famous English Poets sayes:

G. C. *Round-headed Custome th' apoplexie is
Of Bedrid Nature, and liues led amusse,
And takes away all feeling of offence.*

Again, another as excellent in the same Art, saith,

D'Bar. *Custome the Worlds Iudgement doth blind so farre,
That Vertue it oft arraign'd at Vices Barre.*

And will you bee so tyrannous then, to compell poore Woman to bee a mistrisse to so vnfaithfull a Seruant? Beleeue it, then we must call vp our Champions against you, which are *Beauty* and *Frailty*, and what the one cannot compell you to forgiue, the other shall inforce you to pittie or excuse: and thus my selfe imagining my selfe free of these foure Imputati-
ons,

The Womanish Man.

tions, I rest to bee confuted by some better and graver Iudgement.

Hec-Vir. You haue wrested out some wit, to wrangle forth no reason; since euery thing you would make for excuse, approoues your guilt still more ougly: what baser bondage, or what more seruile baseness, then for the flattering and soothing of an vnbridled apperice, or delight, to take a wilfull libertie to do euill, and to giue euill example? this is to bee Hels Prentice, not Heauens Free-woman. It is disposable amongst our Diuines, whether vpon any occasion a woman may put on mans attyre, or no: all conclude it vnfit; and the most indifferent will allow it, but onely to escape persecution. Now you will not onely put it on, but weare it continually; and not weare it, but take pride in it, not for persecution, but wanton pleasure; not to escape danger, but to runne into damnation; not to helpe others, but to confound the whole sexe by the euilnesse of so lewd an example. *Phalaris* (though an extreme tyrant) when he executed the inuenter of the Brazen Bull in the Bull) did it not so much for the pleasure he tooke in the torment, as to cut from the earth a braine so diuelish and full of vnciuill and vnnaturall inuentions. And sure had the first inuenter of your disguise perisht with all her coopliments about her, a world had been preserved from scandall and slander; for from one euill to beget infinites, or to nourish sin with a delight in sinne, is of all habits the lowest, ignoblest and basest.

Now, who knowes not, that to yeeld to baseness, must needs be folly? (for what Wisdome will bee

Hæc-Vir, or,

guilty of its owne iniury?) To be foolishly base, how can there bee an action more barbarous? and to bee base, foolish and barbarous, how can there appeare any sparke, twinkle, or but ember of discretion or iudgement? So that notwithstanding your elaborat plea for freedome, your severe condemnation of custome, your sayre promise of ciuill actions, and your temperate auoiding of excesse, whereby you would seeme to hugge and imbrace discretion; yet till you weare hats to defend the Sunne, not to cover shorne locks, ~~Cauls~~ to ~~adorne~~ the head, not *Gregorian* to warme idle braines, till you weare innocent white Ruffes, not icalous yellow isandis' d bands, well shapt, comely and close Gownes, not light skirts and French doublets, for Poniards, Samplers, for Pistols Prayer-bookes, and for ruffled Bootes and Spurtes, neate Shooes and cleane-garterd Stockings, you shall neuer lose the title of *Basenesse*, *Vnnaturalnes*, *Shamelesnesse*, and *Foolishnesse*, you shall feede *Ballads*, make rich shops, arme contempt, and onely starue and make poore your selues and your reputations. To conclude, if you will walke without difference, you shall liue without reuerence: if you will contene order, you must indure the shame of disorder; and if you will haue no rulers but your wills, you must haue no reward but disdaine and disgrace, according to the saying of an excellent English Poet:

C. M.

*A stronger hand restraines our wilfull powers,
A will must rule aboue this will of ours;*

Not

The Womanish-Man.

*Not following what our vaine desires do woo,
For Vertues sake but what wee ought to do.*

His-Mnl. Sir, I confesse you haue raysd mine eyelids vp, but you haue not cleane taken away the filme that couers the sight: I feeke (I confesse) cause of belife, and would willingly bend my heart to entertaine belife, but when the accuser is guilty of as much or more then that hee accuseth, or that I see you refuse the potion, and are as grieuously infected, blame mee not then a little to stagger, and till you will bee pleas'd to be cleans'd of that leprosie which I see apparant in you, giue me leaue to doubt whether mine infection be so contagious, as your blinde severity would make it.

Therefore to take your proportion in a few lines, (my deare Feminine Masculine) tell me what Character, prescription or right of claime you haue to those things you make our absolute inheritance? why doe you curle, frizell and powder your hayres, bestowing more houres and time in dewinding locke from lock, and hayre from hayre, in giuing euery thread his posture, and euery curl his true fence and circumference then euer *Cesar* did in marshalling his Army, eyther at *Pharsalia*, in *Spaine*, or *Brittaine*? why doe you rob vs of our Ruffes, of our Earetings, Carkanets, and Mamillions, of our Fannes and Feathers, our Busks and French bodies, nay, of our Maskes, Hoods, Shadowes and Shapynas? not so much as the very Art of Painting, but you haue so greedily ingross it, that were it not for that little fantastick

C

The description of a Womanish Man.
Sharpe-

Hæc-Vir, or,

sharp pointed dagger that hangs at your thine, & the crosse hilt which guards your vpper lip, hardly would there be any difference between the sayre Mistris & the foolish Seruant. But is this theft the vttermost of our Spoyle? Fie, you haue gone a world further, and euen rauisht from vs our speech, our actions, sports and recreations. Goodnesse leaue mee, if I haue not heard a Man court his Mistris with the same words that *Venus* did *Adonis*, or as neere as the Booke could instruct him; where are the Tilts and Tournies, and lostie Gallyards that were daunst in the daies of old, when men caperd in the ayre like wanton kids on the tops of Mountaines, and turnd aboue ground as if they had been compact of Fire or a purer element? Tut all's forsaken, all's vanish, those motions shewed more strength then Art, and more courage then courtship; it was much too robustious, and rather spent the body then prepared it, especially where any defect before raigned; hence you tooke from vs poore Women our trauerses and tourneys, our modest statelincesse and curious slidings, and left vs nothing bnt the new French garbe of puppet hopping and letting. Lastly, poore Sheete-cock that was only a female inuention, how haue you taken it out of our hands, and made your selues such Lords and Rulers ouer it, that though it be a very Embleme of vs, and our lighter despised fortunes, yet it dare now hardly come neere vs; nay, you keepe it so imprisond within your Bedde-Chambers and dyning roomes, amongst your Pages and Panders, that a poore innocent Mayd to giue but a kicke with her
Battle-

The Womanish-Man.

Battle-dore, were more then halfe way to the ruine of her reputation. For this you haue demolish'd the noble schooles of Horf-manship (of which many were in this Citie) hung vp your Armes to rust, glued vp those swords in their scabberds that would shake all Christendome with the brandish, and entertained into your mindes such softnes, dulnesse and effeminate nicenesse, that it would euen make *Hercules* himselve laugh against his nature to see how pulingly you languish in this weake entertained sinne of womanish softnesse: To see one of your gender either shew himselve (in the midst of his pride or riches) at a Play house, or publique assembly how; (before he dare enter) with the *Jacobs*-Staffe of his owne eyes and his Pages, hee takes a full suruay of himselve, from the highest sprig in his feather, to the lowest spangle that shines in his Shoo-string: how he prunes and picks himselve like a Hawke set a weathering, calls euery seuerall garment to Auricular confelsion, making them venter both their mortall great staines, and their veniall and lesse blemishes, though the moat bee much lesse then an Attome: Then to see him plucke and tugge euery thing into the forme of the newest receiued fashion; and by *Durers* rules make his legge answerable to his necke; his thigh proportionable with his middle, his foote with his hand, and a world of such idle disdain'd foppery: To see him thus patcht vp with Symmetry, make himselve complete, and euen as a circle: and lastly, cast himselve amongst the eyes of the people (as an obiect of wonder) with more

Hæc-Vir, or

nicenesse, then a Virgin goes to the sheets of her first Louer, would make patience her selfe mad with anger, and cry with the Poet :

*O Hominum mores, O gens, O Tempora dura,
Quantus in urbe Dolor; Quantus in Orbe Dolus !*

Now since according to your own Inference, euen by the Lawes of Nature, by the rules of Religion, and the Customes of all ciuill Nations, it is necessary there be a distinct and speciall difference betweene Man and Woman, both in their habit and behaviours : what could we poore weake women doe lesse (being farre too weake by force to fetch backe those spoiles you haue vniustly taken from vs) then to gather vp those garments you haue proudly cast away, and therewith to cloath both our bodies and our mindes ; since no other meanes was left vs to continue our names, and to support a difference ? for to haue held the way in which our fore-fathers first set vs, or to haue still imbraced the ciuill modestie, or gentle sweetnesse of our soft inclinations ; why, you had so farre incroacht vpon vs, and so ouer-brib'd the world, to be deafe to any grant of Restitucion, that as at our creation, our whole sexe was contained in man our first Parent, so we should haue had no other beeing, but in you, and your most effeminate qualitie. Hence we haue preserued (though to our owne shames) those manly things which you haue forsaken, which would you againe accept, and restore to vs the Blushes we layd by, when first wee put on your Masculine garments ; doubt not but chaste thoughts

The Womanish Man.

thoughtes and bashfulnesse will againe dwell in vs,
and our Palaces beeing newly gilt, trimmed, and re-
edified, draw to vs all the *Graces*, all the *Muses*; which
that you may more willingly doe, and (as wee of
yours) growe into detestation of that deformitie you
haue purloyn'd, to the vter losse of your Honours
and Reputations: Marke how the braue Itali in Poet,
euen in the Infancy of your abuses, most lively
describes you;

*About his necke a Garknet rich he wore
Of precious Stones, all set in gold well tryed;
His armes that earst all warlike weapons bare,
In golden Bracelets wantonly were tyed:
Into his eares two Rings conuayed are
Of golden Wyer, at which on either side,
Two Indian Pearles, in making like two Peares,
Of passing price were pendant at his eares.*

A note.

A description
Effeminate
nesse.

*His Locks bedew'd with waters of sweet sauer:
Stood curled round in order on his head;
He had such wanton womanish behauiour,
As though in Valor he had ne're been bred:
So chang'd in speech, in manners and in fauour,
So from himselfe beyond all reason led,
By these enchantments of this amorous Dame;
He was himselfe in nothing, but in name.*

Thus you see your iniury to vs is of an old and in-
ueterate continuance, hauing taken such strong root
in your bosomes, that it can hardly bee pull'd vp,
without

Hæc-Vir, or,

without some offence to the soyle : ours yong and tender, scarce freed from the Swaddling clotts, and therefore may with as much ease bee lost, as it was with little difficulty found. Cast then from you our ornaments, and put on your owne armours : Be men in shape, men in shew, men in words, men in actions, men in counsell, men in example : then will we loue and serue you ; then will wee heare and obey you ; then will wee like rich Jewels hang at your eares to take our Instructions, like true friends follow you through all dangers, and like carefull leeches powre oyle into your wounds: Then shall you finde delight in our words ; pleasure in our faces ; faith in our hearts ; chastitie in our thoughts, and sweetnesse both in our inward & outward inclinations. Comelineesse shall be then our study ; feare our Armour, and modestie our practice: Then shall we be all your most excellentest thoughts can desire, and haue nothing in vs lesse then impudence and deformitie.

Hæc-Vir. Inough : You haue both rais'd mine eye-lids, cleered my sight, and made my heart entertaine both shame and delight at an instant ; shame in my Follies past ; delight in our Noble and worthy Conuersion. Away then from me these light vanities, the onely Ensignes of a weake and soft nature : and come you graue and solid pieces, which arme a man with Fortitude and Resolution : you are too rough and stubborne for a womans wearing. we will heere change our attires, as wee haue chang'd our mindes, and with our attires, our names. I will no more be *Hæc-Vir*, but *Hic Vir*, nor you *Hic-Mulier*, but

The Womanish-Man.

but *Hæc Mulier* : from henceforth deformitie shall packe to Hell : and if at any time hee hide himselfe vpon the earth, yet it shall bee with contempt and disgrace. Hee shall haue no friend but Pouerty ; no fauourer but Folly, nor no reward but Shame. Henceforth we will liue nobly like our selues, euer sober, euer discreet, euer worthy ; true men, and true women. We will bee henceforth like well-coupled Doves, full of industry, full of loue : I meane, not of sensuall and carnall loue, but heavenly and diuine loue, which proceedes from God ; whose vnexpressable nature none is able to deliuer in words, since it is like his dwelling, high and beyond the reach of humane apprehension ; according to the saying of the Poet, in these Verses following :

*Of loues perfection perfectly to speake,
Or of his nature rightly to define,
Indeed doth farre surpass our reasons reach,
And needs his Priest i' expresse his power diuine,
For long before the world he was ybore,
And bred aboue ith hy'st celestiaall Spbeare,
For by his power the world was made of yore,
And all that therein wondrous doth appeare.*

FINIS.

CARE: Top. and leaves to B FRAGILE

C 13374X

L. Nic Mulier, ...

HÆC-VIR;
O R

The Womanish-Man:

Being an Answer to a late Booke intituled
Hic-Mulier.

Expressed in a briefe Dialogue betwene *Hæc-*
Vir the Womanish-Man, and *Hic-Mulier* the
Man-Woman.



London printed for J.T. and are to be sold at Christ Church gate. 1620.